

Good Morning 213

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

FABULOUS "SOLOMON'S MINES" FOUND

FOR generations King Solomon's mines of Ophir were lost, and their location baffled searching men. Now, scientific patience, aided by aerial reconnaissance, has succeeded where the unaided adventurous spirit failed.

Every year King Solomon took from his mines a million ounces of gold, which enabled him to use gold as a commonplace metal. He had 200 targets of beaten gold for his sportsmen, and his warriors carried 300 shields of gold. He feasted on gold plates; his throne was of gold and ivory.

To-day, after possibly 2,500 years of idleness, those mines help to pay for our war effort. The rich veins of gold have been rediscovered.

An imaginative surveyor, Mr. K. S. Twitchell, studied Biblical history, and became convinced that the long-lost lodes would be found somewhere in the deserts of modern Arabia.

His views were confirmed when, at the eastern end of the Red Sea, the American School of Oriental Research laid bare many of the features of Solomon's vanished seaport of Ezion-geber.

THE ANCIENT ROUTE.

More important than the discovery of the port itself was that of the ruins of a smelting works. Somewhere in the hinterland, the British surveyor knew, lay the gold-mines. Systematically he set out to trace the caravan routes marked out through thousands of years. From King Ibn Saud of Arabia, on behalf of a syndicate, he secured a concession to prospect.

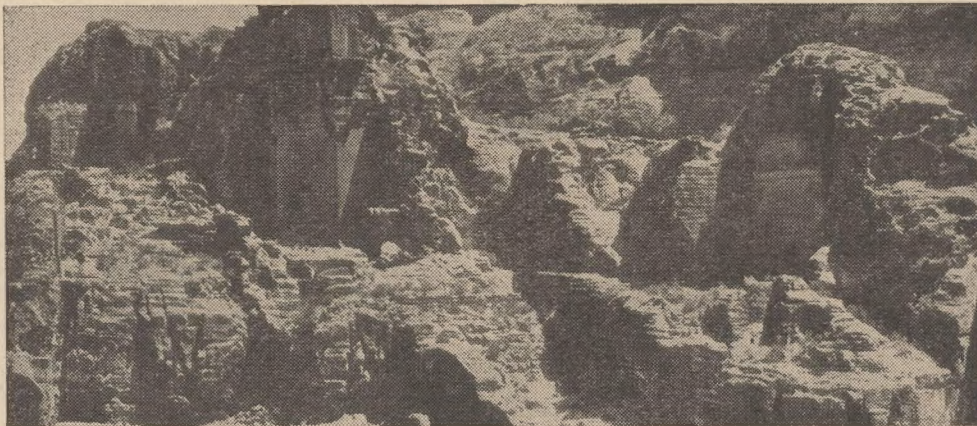
Some 265 miles north-east of Jeddah, the seaport of the Mecca pilgrims, he heard of ruins which had long been shown to travellers as linked with the name of Solomon. In this district were old stories of slave-trading Arabs who had tortured countless tribesmen in the hope of extracting information about the mines.

By desert bus and camel caravan the surveyor travelled

Webster Fawcett reports on Scientists' claim

to the crumbling walls of what may have been an ancient Johannesburg.

The translation of its Arabic name had a promising



sound: Cradle of Gold. Scouring the neighbouring sands, Twitchell discovered his first certain clue, a huge flat millstone scoured by the rubbing of countless rocks.

His syndicate enlisted aeroplanes to his aid. From the sky they photographed the neighbourhood of the ruins, and discovered ancient workings which indicated previous mining operations. Assistant ground parties checked each area to discover whether they could still be operated profitably.

WEALTH IN RUBBLE.

Diamond drills, working down through twenty-five centuries' deposit of sand, indicated 500,000 tons of untouched ore. Near the mouth of one of the largest old workings were

I get around

I ARRIVED at a Northern submarine base and was met by a Naval Lieutenant. "We'll take a cab," he said. So he asked the cabby the fare to the appropriate pier and the fun started.

"Eight shillun," he demanded. "No, no! That's too much," the officer countered. "All reet, I'll take ye for siven." "Too much," the Lieutenant insisted, "the fare is six shillings. We won't pay any more." We went by an upholstered utility bus.

The odd thing about that was, the Lieutenant, to the best of my knowledge, had never been to Cairo. From subsequent inquiries I gather that taxi fares have reached a new high, barring most ratings and many officers from patronage.

To beat the unscrupulous cabby at his own game, an intimate friend of mine, during his brief stay, several times asked drivers to take him to the pier, collect someone and return to the town. When he got to the pier my acquaintance thrust four shillings (the legitimate single fare) in the driver's hand and walked away whistling.

By RONALD
RICHARDS

ANOTHER spot of bother was encountered at the local dance hall. With a submariner, E.R.A. Furnierough, and photographer George Nixon, I sang my way out of the Crown, after wishing Anne (alias Margaret, alias Betty) an affectionate good night, and in the wave of submariners, was swept to the closed door of the Pavilion.

Nine p.m. is the deadline on admittances and the management decided we weren't going in.

Now Furnierough is a good guy and, true to his word, he brought along a couple of parties as soon as we had garaged our coats in the cloakroom.

"Do you go for reds?" he enquired. "Plenty more if they won't do."

I wonder if he knew that red-head was a school mistress. The last memory I have of him was a very knowing smile as I guided my party outwards at closing time.

Apart from wanting to smoke some more of his Black and White cigarettes I would like



Remember—Foster, Musco and Marriott?

to meet Furnierough again because—

I have a story to tell him about a red-headed schoolmistress. Also, I must thank him for a grand evening. We couldn't have enjoyed it more if we'd paid to go in.

I HAVE other memories of that visit; I was appalled at the lack of sleeping accommodation for ratings on short leave in the town.

I did not like my hotel because the spoon handles bent the wrong way, and because when I went in at midnight I was offered through an unfriendly brown, a soft drink from the bar.

I remember, regretfully, that I was unable, as promised, to visit the pubs over the water where the dry dock crew go, and

I also regret not having longer with "Skipps" Marriott: What a great guy he is; a philosopher of no mean experience, I found him to be a splendid tonic—particularly in the company of his shipmates, Foster and Musco.

Indeed, the floating dock was a particularly happy oasis; Dockmaster Hutson, with his 1913 cigarette lighter and amusing yarns, Messrs. Carnegie, Kay and Leach, and even the old girl herself, radiated friendliness.

I hope I will be forgiven and invited again—the intimacy and comradeship I found there compares favourably.

I HAVE happy memories of brief visits to British and Allied submarines. (Tho for security reasons I may not mention the boats' names, I am none the less grateful, and welcome an opportunity of re-

turning the hospitality when the crews come to London). Thanks a lot for a swell time!

To my untechnical and mechanically ignorant mind there was little between any of the boats, though in the Ward Room later I did provoke a titter by mentioning that I knew when I was in an allied boat because the radio was turned off sometimes.

AN incident, equally lasting in my mind, centres around a visit to the general store in the village nearest to the depot ship.

Thing that amused me mostly about the shop was a packet of stationery in the window. The envelope carried the photograph of "Our Beloved Queen"—the picture showed Queen Mary as a young woman. Beside it was a booklet of Orders by General Roberts.

PERHAPS the biggest laugh of the week was at the Wellington, where I heard a story about a member of Tuna's crew who, failing to get a bed in the town, crashed the boom...

My most interesting discussion was with P.O. E. Evans, who put forward an endless stream of constructive criticisms of "Good Morning." I was grateful for his outright condemnation of "Types" and "Nemo," and I think he—and I hope all of you—will have found there's a good deal more reading matter in "Good Morning" now—and that the serials make good reading.

Incidentally, the more criticism we get the better for all of us—so write us and let's know what you think.

Mention of my own humble contributions received a discreet silence—Thanks for that, too.

DANNY'S A CHIP OFF THE BLOCK!



"LANG MAY YOUR LUM REEK" A MESSAGE—AND A PHOTO FOR P.O. ERNEST SAYER

FROM 18 John Street, Dunoon, comes news for Petty Officer Ernest Sayer. Your wife is very well, Ernest, and eight-year-old Danny, or "Junior," as Mrs. Sayer calls him, has quite recovered from his spell of sickness. He's doing well at school and is a help at home, your wife told us.

The biggest event in the town will interest you because a close friend of yours was the cause of the excitement. Nelly's husband, Alex Henderson, came home from a German prison camp; he was one of four Dunoon boys to be repatriated.

It was a shame that more of the local lads couldn't have been there on the welcome committee, though those still at home made the homecoming scene most impressive.

The local band, cheering women and flag-bedecked pier made it the gayest moment that Dunoon had seen for years.

Isobel Downie is staying with your wife, and your wife's sister, May, visits your home every week, when they sit together for hours talking about good times you used to have and better times you are going to have in the future.

Junior, who is joining the Wolf Cubs soon, wasn't very pleased when we asked him to put on his naval uniform for a picture. You see, he had

planned to go out with his pals, and did he give us a look!

However, he finally condescended, and when we gave him the used flash-bulbs he was highly delighted. The look he gave us was quite different.

Message ends here, Ernest, but just over your wife's signature comes all her love and fond kisses from all at home.



HOW THE BRIGADIER RODE TO MINSK—PART III

By CONAN DOYLE

"WE ARE BETRAYED!"

"How can I be otherwise," said she, speaking French with a most adorable lisp, "when one of my poor countrymen is a prisoner in your hands? I saw him between two of your Hussars as you rode into the village."

"It is the fortune of war," said I. "His turn to-day; mine, perhaps, to-morrow." "But consider, Monsieur—"

said she. "Etienne," said I. "Oh, Monsieur—"

"Etienne," said I. "Well, then," she cried, beautifully flushed and desperate, "consider, Etienne, that this young officer will be taken back to your army and will be starved or frozen, for if, as I hear, your own soldiers have a hard march, what will be the lot of a prisoner?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "You have a kind face, Etienne," said she; "you would not condemn this poor man to certain death. I entreat you to let him go."

Her delicate hand rested upon my sleeve, her dark eyes looked imploringly into mine. A sudden thought passed through my mind. I would grant her request, but I would demand a favour in return. At my order the prisoner was brought up into the room.

"Captain Barakoff," said I, "this young lady has begged me to release you, and I am inclined to do so. I would

ask you to give your parole that you will remain in this dwelling for twenty-four hours, and take no steps to inform anyone of our movements."

"I will do so," said he. "Then I trust in your honour. One man more or less can make no difference in a struggle between great armies, and to take you back as a prisoner would be to condemn you to death. Depart, sir, and show your gratitude, not to me, but to the first French officer who falls into your hands."

When he was gone I drew my paper from my pocket. "Now, Sophie," said I, "I have done what you asked me, and all that I ask in return is that you will give me a lesson in Russian."

"With all my heart," said she.

QUIZ for today

1. A leman is a fruit, sweet-heart, Manx preacher, Russian moneylender, Jewish lawyer?
2. Who wrote, (a) Dr. Nikola, (b) Dr. Fu Manchu?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Golf, Badminton, Bowls, Cricket, Rugby, Tennis?
4. On what river does Canterbury stand?
5. What soldiers fought against the Cavaliers?
6. What yellow wild flower is in bloom all the year round in England?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Felicity, Releve, Circumvent, Discomfit, Mangelise?
8. What rank in the W.A.A.F. is equivalent to a Commodore in the Navy?
9. In what month do thrushes begin to build their nests?
10. How many letters are there in the French alphabet?
11. What is the county town of Dorset?
12. Complete the phrases, (a) As hungry as —, (b) As dull as —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 212

1. Bird.
2. (a) Mary Mitford, (b) Longfellow.
3. Hansom has two wheels; the others four.
4. Ichen.
5. Willow.
6. None.
7. Ingenious, Mnemonics.
8. Senior Leader.
9. Eric Maschwitz.
10. Member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.
11. Lancaster.
12. (a) Beersheba. (b) Peru.

"Let us begin on this," said I, spreading out the paper before her. "Let us take it word for word and see what it means."

She looked at the writing with some surprise.

"It means," said she, "if the French come to Minsk all is lost." Suddenly a look of consternation passed over her beautiful face. "Great heavens!" she cried, "what is it that I have done? I have betrayed my country! Oh, Etienne, your eyes are the last for whom this message is meant. How could you be so cunning as to make a poor, simple-minded and unsuspecting girl betray the cause of her country?"

I consoled by poor Sophie as best I might, and I assured her that it was no reproach to her that she should be outwitted by so old a campaigner and so shrewd a man as myself.

But it was no time now for talk. This message made it clear that the corn was indeed at Minsk, and that there were no troops there to defend it. I gave a hurried order from the window, the trumpeter blew the assembly, and in ten minutes we had left the village behind us and were riding hard for the city, the gilded domes and minarets of which glimmered above the snow of the horizon.

Higher they rose and higher, until at last, as the sun sank towards the west, we were in

the broad main street, and galloped up it amid the shouts of the moujiks and the cries of frightened women, until we found ourselves in front of the great town hall. My cavalry I drew up in the square, and I, with my two sergeants, Oudin and Papillette, rushed into the building.

Heavens! Shall I ever forget the sight which greeted us? Right in front of us was drawn up a triple line of Russian Grenadiers. Their muskets rose as we entered, and a crashing volley burst into our very faces. Oudin and Papillette dropped upon the floor, riddled with bullets. For myself, my busby was shot away, and I had two holes through my dolman.

The Grenadiers ran at me with their bayonets. "Treason!" I cried. "We are betrayed! Stand to your horses!"

I rushed out of the hall, but the whole square was swarming with troops. From every side street Dragoons and Cossacks were riding down upon us, and such a rolling fire had burst from the surrounding houses that half my men and horses were on the ground.

"Follow me!" I yelled, and sprang upon Violette, but a giant of a Russian Dragoon officer threw his arms round me, and we rolled on the ground together.

He shortened his sword to kill me, but, changing his

mind, he seized me by the throat and banged my head against the stones until I was unconscious. So it was that I became the prisoner of the Russians.

When I came to myself, my only regret was that my captor had not beaten out my brains. There in the grand square of Minsk lay half my troopers dead or wounded, with exultant crowds of Russians gathered round them. The rest, in a melancholy group, were herded into the porch of the town hall, a sotnia of Cossacks keeping guard over them.

Alas! what could I say, what could I do? It was evident that I had led my men into a carefully baited trap. They had heard of our mission, and yet there was that despatch which had caused me to neglect all precautions and to ride straight into the town. How was I to account for that?

The tears ran down my cheeks as I surveyed the ruin of my squadron, and as I thought of the plight of my comrades of the Grand Army who awaited the food which I was to have brought them. Ney had trusted me, and I had failed him. How often he would strain his eyes over the snowfields for that convoy of grain which should never gladden his sight!

My own fate was hard enough. An exile in Siberia was the best which the future could bring me. But you will believe me, my friends, that it was not for his own sake, but for that of his starving comrades, that Etienne Gerard's cheeks were lined by his tears, frozen even as they were shed.

"What's this?" said a gruff voice at my elbow; and I turned to face the huge, black-bearded Dragoon who had dragged me from my saddle. "Look at the Frenchman crying! I thought that the Corsican was followed by brave men, and not by children."

"If you and I were face to face and alone, I should let you see which is the better man," said I.

For answer, the brute struck me across the face with his open hand. I seized him by the throat, but a dozen of his soldiers tore me away from him, and he struck me again while they held my hands.

"You base hound," I cried, "is this the way to treat an officer and a gentleman?"

"We never asked you to come to Russia," said he.

"If you do you must take such treatment as you can get. I would shoot you off-hand if I had my way."

"You will answer for this some day," I cried, as I wiped the blood from my moustache. "If the Hetman Platoff is of my way of thinking you will not be alive this time to-morrow," he answered, with a ferocious scowl. He added some words in Russian to his troops, and instantly they all sprang to their saddles.

Poor Violette, looking as miserable as her master, was led round and I was told to mount her. My left arm was tied with a thong, which was fastened to the stirrup-iron of a sergeant of Dragoons. So in most sorry plight I and the remnant of my men set forth from Minsk.

(To be continued)

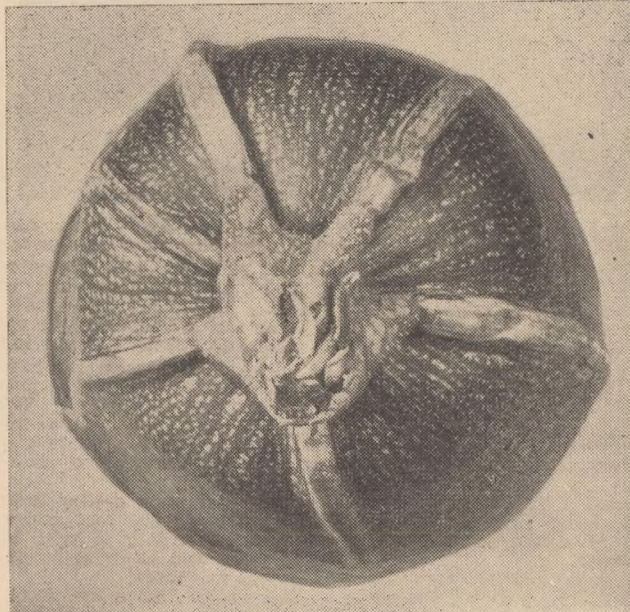
WANGLING WORDS—168

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after INSPI, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of INK BAD HERE, to make a Northern town.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: MILK into BARS, WHALE into CHIPS, NAVY into PLUG, GOOD into GRUB.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from RELATIVITY?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 167

1. VERVE.
2. GLAMORGAN.
3. SONGS, SINGS, WINGS, WINDS, WANDS, WARDS, WORDS.
4. SKY, STY, SAY, FAY, FAR, FOR, FOG.
5. STEAK, SPEAK, SPEAR, SWEAR, SWEAT, SWEET.
6. WINTER, WINNER, WINDER, WANDER, WARDER, HARDER, HARPER, HAMPER, DAMPER, DAMPED, DAMMED, DIMMED, DIMMER, SIMMER, SUMMER.
7. Wart, Wort, Wool, Loot, Tool, Root, Tore, Role, Lore, Wore, Welt, Tear, Rate, Real, Alto, Ware, Late, etc.
8. Alert, Alter, Water, Later, Tower, Lower, Rowel, Towel, etc.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 212: Oil Stove.

MEDITERRANEAN PORTS

Guess the name of this Mediterranean Port from the following clues to its letters:—

- My first is in FOLIAGE, not in ROOTS.
My second's in BRANCHES, not in SHOOTs.
My third is in ORANGE, not in PEACH.
My fourth's not in CONIFER, but BEECH.
My fifth is in CARROTS, not in PEAS.
My next's in CARNATIONS, not PICOTEES.
My last's in BIENNIALS, not in TREES.

(Answer on Page 3).

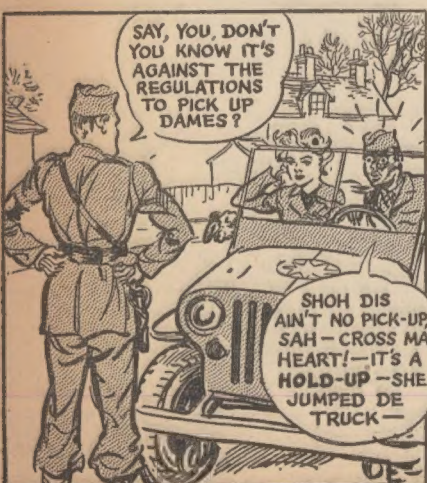
MIXED DOUBLES

Two words meaning the same thing ("comic" and "funny," for instance) are jumbled in phrase (a); and two words with opposite meanings (e.g., "past" and "future") are mixed in phrase (b).

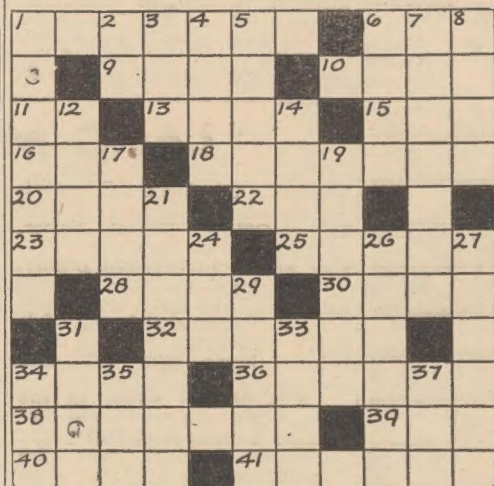
- (a) CENTRE MAY SAG.
(b) SEE SWORD LINK.

(Answers on Page 3).

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

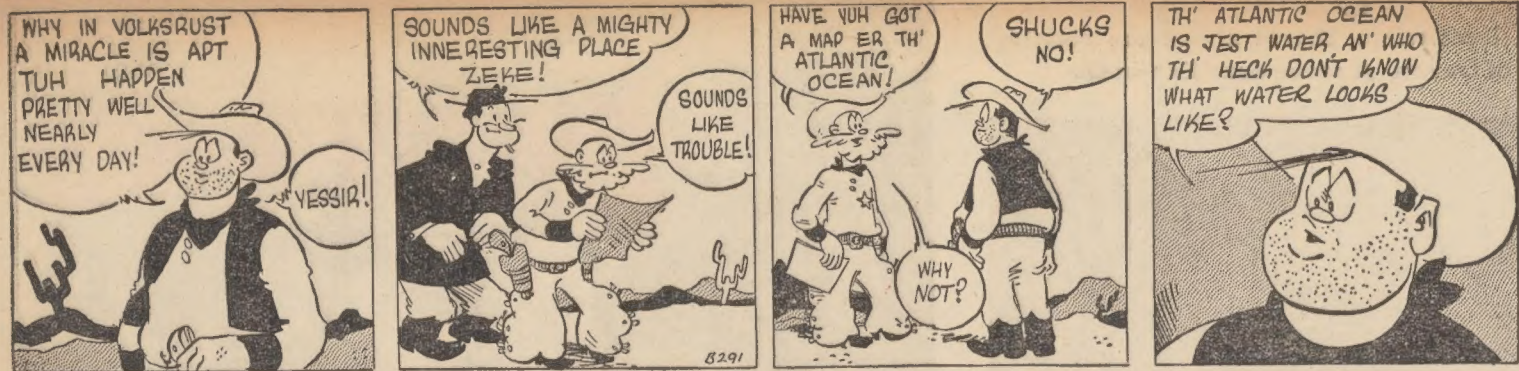
- 1 Intend.
- 6 Energy.
- 9 Swarming place.
- 10 Accomplished.
- 11 Morning.
- 13 Woven strip.
- 15 Meadow.
- 16 Farm animal.
- 18 Light-case.
- 20 Drudgery.
- 22 Recine.
- 23 Creak.
- 25 Boy's name.
- 28 Dwindle.
- 30 Fruit.
- 32 Justification.
- 34 Scrutinise.
- 36 Idea.
- 38 Retarded.
- 39 Exist.
- 40 Equal.
- 41 Started voyage.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Formative.
- 2 Indeed.
- 3 Mine.
- 4 Ellipse.
- 5 Calyx-leaf.
- 6 Rodent.
- 7 Sluggishness.
- 8 Ignoble.
- 12 Go dreamily.
- 14 Girl's name.
- 17 Droop.
- 19 Drink container.
- 21 Pupil.
- 24 Blind.
- 26 Trivial.
- 27 Buzzed.
- 29 Narrow roads.
- 31 Highest point.
- 33 Common mineral.
- 34 Little drink.
- 35 Animal.
- 37 Mineral.

RAFT SCOFFS
ARRIVE PARE
MEAL ACETIC
PANTS ONSET
E CHORUS Z
DUE RUG WEE
N PREACH X
TITLE RAISE
EQUALS STIR
AUNT POTENT
RESEDA ERGS

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



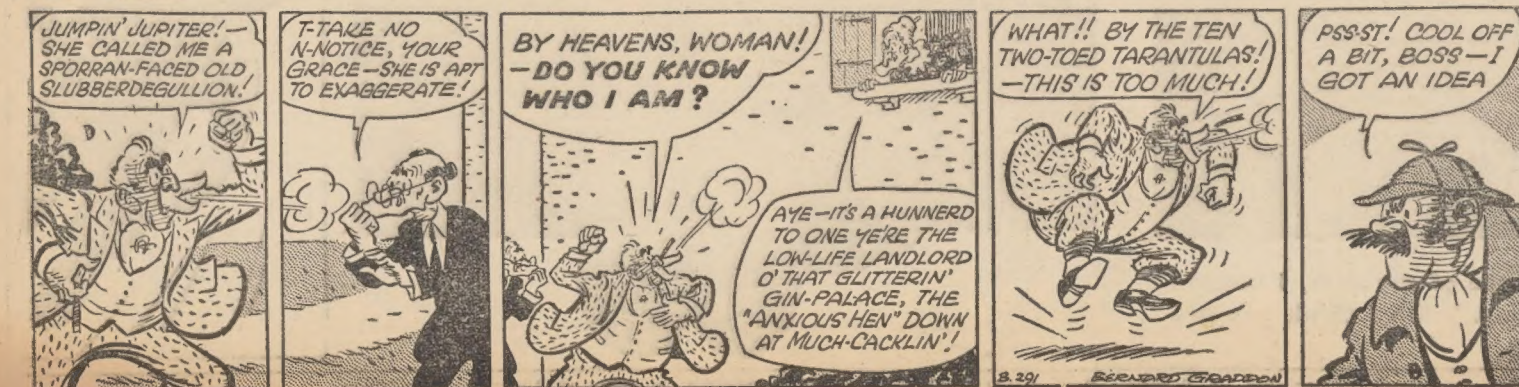
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



SPINNING THE YARN

EVERY time you use the phrase "spinning a yarn," you are making a reference (perhaps unconsciously) to an Italian, Anthony Bonvise, who came to England in the twentieth year of the reign of Henry VIII.

Every time you use the word "spinster" about an unmarried woman you are borrowing from the same Italian.

When you speak of the "distaff side" of a family you are relying on the same historical event. So, too, if you use the word "spindle," and several others.

Spinning was the chief occupation of women in the Middle Ages.

If a woman did not spin at home she was suspected of more sinister acts. Unmarried women were expected to keep at their labours at all hours. They—especially the unmarried ones—were thus named Spinsters.

When Bonvise arrived from Italy he brought with him the process of spinning with distaff and spindle. The word spindle is now used for a certain length of linen yarn—about 14,400 yards.

Every woman spun, and it was not until the end of the 15th century that rich ladies gave it up and only the women in humbler positions continued the pastime.

The record for a length of yarn spun by the wheel was held by a Norfolk woman of East Dereham, who spun a pound of wool into a thread 84,000 yards long, which is not far short of forty-eight miles.

Another record was held, and never beaten, by a Norwich woman who spun a pound of cotton into a thread of 203,000 yards, more than 115 miles.

The only days on which women were excused spinning were those around Christmas, and January 7th was named as the day of St. Distaff, on which sports were held.

Bonvise taught the English women how to spin with distaff and spindle so that when twisted fibres were attached to the spindle a rotary movement was given to it by rolling it against the thigh or twirling it between forefinger and thumb.

The fibres were then drawn out into a long thread with both hands, and when it was sufficiently strong the spindle was suspended on it until it was drawn and twisted.

Yarn made in this way has never been surpassed in quality, not even by machinery.

In nunneries, spinning was for centuries regarded as the occupation of the inmates when they had time to spare from their other duties, and many nunneries continued to work with the distaff and spindle long after the wheel was invented.

Nobody really can say who invented the wheel. It is claimed that it was first tried out by a Brunswick spinner about 1500, yet there are evidences in the British Museum that some sort of wheel was in vogue before that.

The distaff and spindle were used in ancient Egypt, and carvings of women spinning are to be seen on several Egyptian monuments.

Four centuries ago it was a fairly common occurrence in India for a pound of cotton to be spun into a yarn of 100 miles' length, the spindle being a piece of bamboo about six inches long.

Most of the yarn used in the warships of the past was spun by women ashore and bought by the authorities for the use of seamen, and then twisted into ropes.

Often during the operation the spinners would tell long stories, reminiscent of the Arabian Nights, to while away the time—and that is how the phrase "spinning a yarn" came into being to designate a fable or a downright lie.

ALBERT RHODES

The letters are in the right column, but not in the right line. Can you find more of your favourite film actors?

S H T G R D
D A L D L V D
M O U L A I S
D S N L L N S
C I Y W I R S
H O N A E R Y
A A P A E
Solution in No. 214

Solution to Mediterranean Ports.
LEGHORN.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) MEAGRE & SCANTY.
(b) WORK & IDLENESS.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

This England

There's an irresistible charm about the country lanes of Devon. A scene near Exmouth.



Fresh lamb, did you say? Well, these two are just one day old. Even the parents look surprised.

COAST-GUARD



★ Make up your mind Marilyn Maxwell. Even an M.G.M. star must fix her own dates. ★

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Hey . . . skip it. The sea belongs to me."



"Mummy, mummy, from the evidence of my eyes, I believe you've M—d your teeth this morning." Oh I think you are really lovely.

